

To Pain.

By Arthur L. Salmon.
Servant of God, our spirit's nurse,
Tutor and craftsman of the spheres,
Who drawest glory from the curse
Of sin and want and primal tears—
From toil and sordid strain, through
Thee
We win immortal liberty.

The glint and flashing of thy sword
Are fragments of the eternal Light;
Thou art the angel of the Lord
With whom we wrestle in the night,
It is thy ruthless steel whose shock
Sculpts the man from shapeless
rock.

From stress of matter worlds are
born,
By stress of spirit souls are made,
The clouds that stifle back the morn
Are pierced by thine unerring blade.
Behold how from the midnight strife
There issues forth the light of Life!

The birth-pang of the race is thine,
And joy is sucked at thy breast.
It is thy ministry divine
That takes the good and gives the
best.
Beneath thine overshadowing
The sons of God together sing.

Thine is the pang of falling leaf
Of fading flower, or wailing wind—
Of June magnificently brief,
And winter following swift behind;
Thine is the sob of rains that pass,
Dripping athwart the kirkyard grass.

In nakedness of pulsant limb
We see thy purity and might;
The vestments that would veil and dim
Reveal us stark before thy light,
Till all the passion of the soul
Is won to thy supreme control.

Thine were the mysteries of birth
When yet the worlds chaotic lay,
We struggle half-emerged from earth,
And half-imprisoned by the clay;
Only the swift, resistless hand
Can free our limbs and bid us stand.

O thou of Love the firstborn child,
And thou of love the living breath—
We know, when thou hast strangely
smiled,
The message is of life, not death.
Thou raisest those whom thou hast
lain

To two-fold being—mystic Pain.
—From the Speaker—London.

WHILE MRS. WESTWOOD WAITED.

"I'm afraid," she said as they sat down on a log where they could watch the clear water as it rippled along over the shining pebbles, "that we ought not to have come out here alone. Mrs. Westwood will be worried when she finds that we are not in sight."

"Yes," he answered, "perhaps we ought to return. She appears to take her duties of chaperon very seriously."

"How do you know the path we just came down is called 'Lovers' Lane'?" I thought you had never been here before?"

"I merely guessed it must be 'Lovers' Lane.' There is always a 'Lovers' Lane' at a place of this kind, you know."

"Is there? But the real 'Lovers' Lane' may be somewhere else."

"Perhaps it is. We might call this it till we find the real one, though."

"You must have had a delightful time in Colorado. Was Pike's Peak very wonderful?"

"I didn't think much of it, and Colorado was a disappointment to me. I didn't see it under very favorable circumstances, you know."

"Why, wasn't it the right season?"

"Not for me. I went out there just after you had told me that you never—"

"Isn't it beautiful the way the sunbeams steal through the leaves and play on the water down there?"

"Yes, it's very fine. Mrs. Westwood will probably be worrying about us. Shall we go back?"

"I think we'd better. Isn't it ridiculous the way Miss Allen and Mr. Hewitt have been flirting out here?"

"I hadn't noticed it."

"Goodness, you can't have any eyes. Everybody has been talking about it."

"I have eyes for only—"

"It looks to me as if Mrs. Westwood had invited them out here deliberately to throw them together."

"I've heard that she's an incorrigible matchmaker."

"Oh, she doesn't live for anything else."

"I wonder if she expects Tom Thurston and Miss Marsh to arrange matters between themselves while they are here?"

"You may be sure she wouldn't have invited them if she hadn't thought it might come to that."

"Shall we go back?"

"Yes, they'll be getting the help out to hunt for us if we don't hurry. It is true that the forget-me-nots cover almost everything on the way up the sides of the peak?"

"I didn't notice. I believe there were flowers of some kind there, but they didn't interest me."

"And I suppose you found a Lovers' Lane out there, too? You say they always have one everywhere."

"There was one there, no doubt, but I wasn't looking for it. If you had been there—"

"Hark! I thought I heard somebody calling. Don't you think we'd

better go? What a joke it would be to get lost in these woods."

"I'm afraid that would be pretty hard to do," he said, getting up. "One couldn't go a quarter of a mile in any direction without getting into the fields."

"But people sometimes get bewildered, so that they go around in circles without knowing it," she answered, as she tossed a piece of bark into the stream and watched it float lazily away. "Have you ever been lost?"

"No, but I have loved and—"

"Do you think Mabel Allen and Mr. Hewitt are suited to each other? They're both dark, you know."

"What difference does it make about the color of their hair or eyes if they love each other?"

"I don't know, only people say that a girl who has dark hair should marry a man who is light, and vice versa."

"Would you say no to a man because of the color of his hair if you—"

"Why do you keep insisting on being personal? I was talking about other people."

"Other people don't interest me very much. But supposing other people were to get to considering the question of dark girls and light men or dark men and light girls and decided that we were—"

"We must really be going, or Mrs. Westwood will never forgive us."

"Yes. The sun will be down in a few minutes. There's the whistle of the boat coming up the lake."

"This is such a delightful spot that I hate to leave it. I think I shall come out every day and sit here and watch the ripples. Do you suppose there are any fish in this stream?"

"I'm afraid not. But there may be wildcats in these woods."

"Oh, well, I suppose I can get the coachman, or the man who attends to the lawn, or—somebody to come and protect me."

He looked at his watch and then glanced up the path.

"This is the loveliest time of the day to be in the woods," she continued. "There's such an eerie feeling about them. One can imagine that there's a dryad behind every tree."

"There's a chipmunk behind that one over there. I just saw him scoot around it. Hada't we better go now?"

"I don't believe you care for the beauties of nature."

"There's the chipmunk. Do you see him?"

"But I wasn't talking about chipmunks."

"He's one of the beauties of nature, isn't he?"

"I mean the trees, and shrubs, and streams, and rocks. What a gift it would be if one could put this all into a picture or a poem."

"And sell it for three dollars and forty cents."

"That isn't at all funny."

"Mrs. Westwood won't be at all funny either if we keep her worrying much longer."

"Oh, well, if you can't think of anything but Mrs. Westwood, perhaps we ought to hurry back."

"I could forget that there ever was a Mrs. Westwood if—"

He stood looking down at her while she earnestly gazed at the tiny point of a shoe that peeped from under her soft, fluffy skirts. The setting sun had found an opening through the trees and was trying to add to her beauty by heightening the color of her.

"If what?" she asked.

"If you would tell me you were sorry you said no that other time."

She lifted her arms toward him and they forgot that Mrs. Westwood was waiting.—S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald.

TURNED DOWN.

One Way of Asking a Girl to Be Your Wife and a Possible Result.

Slowly they walked along in the twilight—he and she.

He was no longer in the heyday of youth.

Time, however, had laid light hands upon him. So had his barber, but of tender and more artistically, and he was well groomed.

She was a rare and radiant maiden, known to the regular frequenters of Spocash & Co.'s great emporium of trade as the girl at the ribbon counter.

"Miss Mildred," he said, with a sort of premonitory cough, "let us suppose a case."

"A case of what kind, Mr. Mat-gwer?" she asked. "Notions or remnants?"

"Let us not talk shop, Miss Mildred. If 'case' suggests business I will vary the phrase. Let us consider a hypothesis."

"A what?"

"A hypothesis. A hypothesis is a supposition, an assumption, a postulate, a working basis, or an idea taken for granted for the purpose of laying a foundation, establishing a proposition, or demonstrating a fact. Get the idea?"

"Oh, yes; anybody can understand that. Is there more of it?"

"There is. Some day, my dear girl, you expect to marry somebody."

"Is that the hypo-hypo?"

"No; that is one of the eternal verities. Every pretty girl expects to marry somebody. Here is the hypothesis: Suppose some man slightly past the blooming period of youth, but well preserved in full possession of health, strength, and all his intellectual faculties—"

"A hypothesis is a man, is it?"

"He's a necessary part of this one. Suppose some such man as I am describing, not at all ill-looking, and possessed of a reasonable share of this

world's goods, should fall wildly, madly, desperately in love with you Miss Mildred?"

"Well?"

"And offer you his hand and heart—do you think you could learn to love him?"

"Not if he looked anything like you Mr. Mat-gwer."

They walked along a block or two in silence.

Then Mr. Mat-gwer spoke again. "Feels a little as if it were going to snow doesn't it, Miss McGinnis?" he said.—Chicago Tribune.

MASTER OF HIS CRAFT.

Brief Tale of a Wandering Cowboy of the Western Plains.

The cowboys who travel with herds of cattle for days across the Western plains become very tired of their rations, says the author of "The Log of a Cowboy," and gladly welcome any change or addition to their bill of fare. In illustration of this he tells the story of a wanderer who arrived at their camp one night just before Christmas. He was made welcome, and in his conversation mentioned where he had been the Christmas before.

"I was helping the folks at the ranch make doughnuts. Well, fellows, you ought to have seen them; just sweet enough, and browned to a turn. I tell you, I'm an artist on doughnuts."

Miller rose, took him by the hand, and said, "That's straight, now is it?"

"That's straight. Making doughnuts is my long suit."

"Mouse," said Miller to one of the boys, "go out and bring in his saddle from the stable and put it under my bed. Turn his horse into the big pasture in the morning. He stays here until spring; and the first spear of green grass I see his name goes on the pay-roll. You go to work on this specialty of yours right after breakfast in the morning, and show us what you can do in that line."

The next morning, after breakfast was over, he got the needed articles together and went to work. There were nearly a dozen men lying round, all able eaters. By ten o'clock he began to turn them out as he said he could. When the regular cook had to have the stove for dinner, the taste which we had had made us ravenous for more. Dinner over, he went at them in earnest.

A boy riding toward the railroad with an important letter dropped in, and as he said he could only stop a minute, we stood aside until he had had a taste. After eating a solid hour, he filled his pockets and rode away. One of our men called after him, "Don't tell anybody what we've got!"

The next morning two men rode up from a camp to the north, which the boy had passed the day before with the letter. They went straight to the kitchen. An hour later old Tom Cave rode in from his camp, twenty-five miles to the east. He refused to take a stool and sit down, like civilized folk, but stood up by the tub and picked out the ones which were a pale brown.

About two o'clock Doc Langford and two of his peelers rode up. Our luck was circulating faster than a secret amongst women. Our man, though, stood at his post like the boy on the burning deck. He certainly was an artist on doughnuts.

MUNICIPAL CHILD-REARING.

An English Town Taking An Advanced Step in Civic Reform.

The town of Huddersfield, England, which stands in the front rank of the cities that have adopted the plan of public utilities owned and controlled by the municipal authorities, has recently taken a further step, and provided for child-rearing under official direction. Realizing that a large part of the death-rate among the poor was of infants under one year of age, owing to insufficient or unintelligent care and nourishment, the mayor of the city offered a bonus of \$4 to every child born in one of the districts that should attain the age of twelve months. This offer, which is to hold good during the term of the present incumbent's mayoralty, led the local health authorities to consider whether steps could not be taken towards saving the lives of infants.

Accordingly they decided to offer a reward of one shilling to the first person who should inform the medical officer of the birth of a child within forty-eight hours of its occurrence. The mother is then to be visited by physicians and women health visitors, who will instruct her as to the best methods of feeding, washing, and clothing the child, while, in addition, detailed instructions are to be prepared and printed for general distribution.

The health visitors will also examine the homes of the mothers and factories and other places where women are employed, and cases where deaths of children under one year have occurred will be investigated. Furthermore, a year's experiment will be undertaken with a day nursery where children will be cared for, and sterilized milk will be supplied for the babies. Huddersfield is a manufacturing town, and the authorities consider that its present strength can best be preserved through maintaining its native labor. They therefore believe that if the infant mortality is reduced to a minimum, a large majority of the children would grow to manhood and womanhood. The experiment is interesting.—Harper's Weekly.

BEAT LOTTERY OF DEATH.

AN INCIDENT OF THE CIVIL WAR.

During the great Civil War hundreds of brave soldiers who participated in that memorable conflict had very narrow escapes from death, but of them all none was more miraculous or thrilling than that of Captain John M. Flinn, a Shelbyville, Ind., boy, who commanded company F of the Fifty-first Indiana Infantry and who through a most mysterious agency succeeded in escaping the penalty of death after he had drawn a "black bean" in the lottery of death and his execution at the orders of the Confederate general whose captive he was seemed inevitable.

The story of how Captain Flinn was imprisoned at Libby prison, of how he was one of a number of Union officers who had to draw in the lottery of death, of how he with one other drew a death prize as indicated by a black bean, of how on the very hour set for his execution he was given a ten days' reprieve and of how at the end of that period he finally through a mysterious agency escaped the death penalty—all these incidents form a most remarkable story, which is passing strange and in its very truth is even stranger than fiction.

Among the thousands of hoosier boys who volunteered in the Union army was John M. Flinn, a Shelbyville youth, who enlisted first in company C, Seventh Indiana Infantry, and later on Oct. 11, 1861, became first lieutenant of company F, Fifty-first Indiana. He became captain of the same company on Nov. 1, 1862.

Early in the year 1863, shortly after he was promoted to the captaincy of his company, Flinn was captured along with a number of other Union soldiers at the battle of Day's gap and Crooked creek, near Gaylesville, Ala., and confined in a rebel prison.

Shortly afterward he was removed to

imprisoned criminal catches at every straw which he thinks might make him free, the officers thought they were to be exchanged or discharged. Consequently they "lined up" rather cheered by the prospect.

Their bright hopes for freedom, however, were soon dispelled when all the captains from among the prisoners were summoned to the lower room of the prison. There, instead of hearing an order read for their release or exchange, they were confronted with the startling news that a special order had been issued by the Confederate war department that two captains should be selected by lot to be executed in retaliation for the execution of two Confederate officers by General Ambrose E. Burnside a short time before.

The Union captains, who with death-like stillness listened to the reading of the order, were amazed and dumfounded. What could it mean? What was to be done? What was the reason for the order? Would the rebel informer explain its full meaning to them?

These and other questions flashed through their minds and when replies were asked for Captain Turner, who had charge of the prison, refused to enlighten them. Instead, he cold-heartedly and calmly asked them:

"In what manner is it the desire of the captains that the selection be made?"

It was several moments before the company of prisoners regained their composure sufficiently to answer. Presently, however, Captain Sawyer suggested that as many beans be placed in a hat as there were captains to draw them. Since two of the captains were thus by lot to be selected for execution Captain Sawyer suggested that two of the beans be black ones and the rest white. The black beans were to represent "death prizes."



DRAWING THE "DEATH PRIZES."

Libby prison—that southern dungeon the very mention of which sent cold shudders over Union men—where he was held in confinement for many weeks. It was indeed an unkind fate that brought him behind the dingy bars of this dingy old prison. But, as brave blue-coated soldiers who found themselves there, Captain Flinn viewed his misfortune as an incident belonging to the expected events of cruel warfare and made no complaint.

When he was taken to Libby prison Captain Flinn was placed in a cell with Captain Henry W. Sawyer of company K, First regiment of New Jersey cavalry, who had fallen into the hands of the Confederates after having been in a hospital at Culpeper court house for some time. These two captured captains became fast friends and after suffering the torments and hardships of the southern prison side by side for many weeks became resigned to their fate and calmly awaited the hour when they would be liberated either by human hand or the hand divine.

So poorly were they fed that day by day the two men, as well as many other unfortunate men who were prisoners along with them, grew weaker and became thinner and thinner until they thought their very life blood would soon be slipped from their bodies. Indeed, they thought their summons of death was inevitable and that such would be their only means of freedom from the prison. To them it seemed that they would never again hear the familiar strains of a bugle call or lead the members of their companies charging against the enemy.

It was while in such a plight as this, while their spirits were exceedingly depressed and while life seemed to offer precious little for them in the future, that one day the monotony of their prison existence was broken by an inspection call. The rattle of chains on the grating of the ponderous iron door of the cell which they occupied aroused them. Looking up they recognized Captain Turner, a Confederate officer, as he entered and announced that all Union officers then imprisoned were expected to "line up" for inspection.

This was on the morning of July 6, 1863, and the announcement made to all the officers who were in prison created no little excitement. At first, catching at the slightest straw which gives promise of freedom, just as the

circle around me. We stood up in the cart so when it moved away we would dangle between the earth and sky and in this way our existence was to end. No courier from the bishop was in sight and the suspense was terrible for us to bear. The Confederate officer took out his watch and informed us that while his instructions were to have us executed before noon he would wait until one minute of 12 and then if there was no sign of a courier the cart would be driven away and the arbitrary orders of the war department of the southern Confederacy would be obeyed.

"Half-past 11 arrived and yet no signs of any courier from the bishop. Our legs became so weak that we could not stand any longer, so we requested that we might be permitted to sit down in the cart until the time for us to be executed arrived. Then we would stand up and the ropes could be adjusted to our necks and the execution concluded. The ropes were then untied and we were permitted to sit down on the side of the cart. Ten minutes more passed in dead silence, and yet no eye could detect any signs of a courier. At the end of another ten minutes we stood up and the ropes were adjusted to our necks and the Confederate officer was raising his sword as a sign to the driver to move away when a cloud of dust was observed in the distance and the Confederate officer hesitated for a few moments, when a horseman white with dust and his horse covered with foam dashed up to the officer and handed him a dispatch. He opened it and quickly read: 'Captains Sawyer and Flinn are reprieved for ten days.' I never felt so happy in my life, and Flinn and I embraced each other and cried like babies. The ropes were then untied and the cart started slowly back for Libby prison. Our comrades were greatly rejoiced to see us return alive and made many inquiries concerning the postponement of the execution."

It was not long after their return to Libby prison that word was sent back home by the captains that they had but ten days to live. As soon as the word was received Captain Sawyer's wife went to Washington and personally reported the matter to President Lincoln.

To the kind-hearted president, who loved his people dearly and who ever was ready to help one in trouble, the news was both startling and shocking. After studying the matter over during that night he told the woman next morning to return to her home and that he would do what he could.

And he did do what he could. He saved the lives of the two condemned captains.

Knowing that the two Confederates who had previously been executed by General Burnside, and because of which execution Captains Flinn and Sawyer were to be executed, had really been deserving of their fate, and knowing, too, that Captains Flinn and Sawyer were innocent, he delivered a message to the Confederate agent for the exchange of the prisoners to the effect that if the two men were hanged he would at once order that General W. H. F. Lee, son of General Robert E. Lee and then a federal prisoner, would be immediately executed.

The order created consternation among the Confederate authorities. But it had its desired result. Word was at once sent to Libby prison to the effect that Captains Flinn and Sawyer were not to be executed.

President Lincoln had saved their lives.

Following this the captains were confined in the dungeon of Libby prison for twenty days, when they were relieved and placed upon an equal footing with the other officers who were imprisoned.

They remained thus prisoners until March of the following year, when they were exchanged for General W. H. F. Lee and Captain R. H. Tyler, of the Confederate army, both of whom had been federal prisoners for several months.

After that Captain Flinn returned to his company and served until the close of the war, when he was mustered out with his regiment. The great struggle ended, the captain returned to his home in Shelbyville, Ind. For the next few years until his death, Aug. 5, 1872, he was a familiar figure in and around Shelbyville. At the time of his death he was forty years old. He left a widow and one daughter. The daughter died several years ago, but the widow is still living in Indiana.—Chicago Chronicle.

A Horse's Hands and Feet.

Now the horse never puts his heel on the ground, nor even the ball of his foot. He stands up on the very tips of his toes, and this is, in part, the reason why he can trot so fast. Dobbin's heels are half way up his hind legs, and what we call his knees are really his wrists. The part corresponding to the upper arm is short, and is so embedded in the muscles of the shoulder that the elbow comes next the body. But the horse has only one digit on each limb, and the wrist bones are comparatively small. The so-called ankle, then, is the knuckle where the digit joins the hand or the foot, and the "foot" is only a single thick finger or toe, with a great nail for a hoof. The lower half of the horse's fore leg is really a gigantic hand with only the middle finger and a piece out of the middle of the palm, while the corresponding part of his hind leg is a big, single-toed foot.—St. Nicholas.

Feline Humor.

"Does the literary atmosphere effect you any?" asked the tramp dog of the newspaper office cat.

"Oh, I drop into poetry once in a while," answered the cat, as she climbed into the waste basket and went to sleep.—Buffalo News.